

















By PERCY RUESELL.

When we actually obtain that which

Walter Cressida Mene had longed to  
 liberty and solitude, and now in his  
 own New Zealand wharves, or flanked  
 roofed only with bamboo—some flanked  
 side—bird nest fashion—with the flow-  
 er stems of the native grass, he had  
 certainly appeared to have both. He had  
 longed for simplicity, too, and most de-  
 siderably he had that, yet he was by no  
 means a contented man and he knew it.

It has been said with the usual extravagance of such sweeping assertions that to live alone a man must be content for a fool, but Walter, who has been so far from being a fool, has been so content with his lot, that although his misanthropic ways have cost him many a social opportunity, he has the case now on learning from a travelling prospector that a large of fang near his own location, which holds a fine gold mine.

For a girl, however New Zealanders and had been much neglected, was to be again occupied by the same man, and his family, who had already seen, on his infrequent visits, quite a number of the wagons with furniture stored up to prepare the place for his own use.

It was a weird part of the Middle land, rich alluvial lands, still of the nature, covered more or less with fine forests, extended to the foot of the southern Alps, where the numerous ranges include some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Waller More had put up his house in a small natural glade, i quite surrounded by trees, round up which to the very top clustered pukewanga, the New Zealand manna, with its enormous white saufs, and near his door More had set some shepherd's lilies—a gl flower is this, each stem of about a

Altogether Alice had quite a fine summer house externally, internally his abode was rather nice. His bed place was only a board form covered with blankets and pots and pans, an ax and a spade, steel headed spear for digging, gun constituted most of the furniture. Alice was not a lively lad found in and about his hole were deposits of fossil him

It is terrible how powerful enemies. More had only himself and, for he permitted no and kept every one at a distance when his own better sense and more prudent conduct of his business himself (the "Wang" Wang, it's not worth with few people not specially have any idea of the number who find in the Australasian an asylum for mercantile and matrimonial troubles. More than 40, and, although to be single—an opening of power is significant without capital history which may be in the history.

With Oren and comrades, but in youth, he had gone to a London wine merchant, and, by unobtruding there in all his trade worked up a business in rumbling among his superabundances of the better type, what is known as the single-trade. No man struck more the business than young More. The priest extol his own collar as conferred his affluence on a barefooted, and his affluence really to find who purchased him, knew of a need, to make a good thing a good man, and his comfortableness of bearing out his old man and to have his own in four quarters which he had sought to outgrow, and of a few his action

not in the future. She laughed at him for a "cranky, rusty, old thing," and for a space him compelled, half persuaded him to acquiesce in her ever increasing extravagance.

There was a time when simplicity, modesty and sense, and she had not liked, as he said, beginning at the place where he meant to end, but his wife was resolute, willful and beautiful woman, and he weakly yielded. Then trouble accumulated; his capital was quite consumed, and he poverty-stricken, and went out begging and made many lamentations. His cup of bitterness, however, ran over when, owing to her obstinacy in wearing a thin dress during a river excursion, while she was in delicate health, she caught a serious cold, and was permanently confined to her bed, and he had to nurse her.

Only son. Still this great misfortune occurred. He had a daughter, but she was very young, it could increase her suffering. She had entered on her twentieth year, but she was so weak, and for pleasure, to drown, as she admitted, thought and care. She was, as she affirmed, a faithful and fond wife, and she would not weep. Life was to be enjoyed, and what was the use of weeping?

More, however, she could not do. She opened her eyes quite a different aspect. Misfortune had not been so oppressive on his temper. It has been said:

pressed and More found that he had nothing but doubtful or bad book debt to meet his current liabilities. He was a proud and sensitive man, and he could not face bankruptcy. Some of his friends, he knew, had predicted disaster when he set up in the west, and it was while in this desperate state that during a terrible scene with his wife he violently slapped her face, called her a fool and declared that he had been the cause of the death of his child and that she had finished by ruining him.

Mura was like a man abandoned, looked his wife in the face and said: "I have been in hell and am now in hell." He had been in the business and spent much money, tracing her out, and at length found that she had entered a rich family. Despondence is a sort of companion to grief. Beatrice, on his appeal, tried to return, flatteringly, and that she should enjoy the liberty of his crowd, cowardly, how had given her the opportunity of escape. He found self absolutely ruined, and, shivering, exposure of bankruptcy, the wreckage to his creditors, to storage passage to New Zealand, after sundry experiences went into bush, squatted and, finding a rich of fossil kauri gum that had been the regular bush digger, drifted in, unless existence I had been intended with the dissipation he reached what on each occasion he forest lay and solemnly reviewed his situation.

[illegible]

Lately, too, he had fancied that piercing eyes and prying hands had been spying on his little ledge during his absence. Some of his flowers had mysteriously been gathered, and the potted plants he had not been able to move a foot from their places at all likely to go plucking prizes in such a place, while, worse perhaps of all, a man had appeared before him but only two days previously with a polite message from his rich neighbor asking him to pay him a visit. More sore the man off with a word, he had taken two light pistol shots and called all day to think that any angry child would be so presumptuous as to treat him like a dog, and to put him down and treat him like a dog.

He began, he phrased it, by tossing him the scraps of conventional hospitality. In a word, he was nervous, suspicious, irritable and felt at war with him. It was even more than with the world which had used him so ill.

must go right up to him, and usually his life pays the forfeit of curiosity. More was a man who had killing for sport, and this particular week had become attached to him as a dog and often followed him about but not being inquisitive about him often proved of use by directing him to anything unusual. The week, however, did not seem to have observed what he had, and he now tramped greedily on toward the spot where he

A black and white line drawing of a man in mid-swing, wearing a striped shirt and trousers, with a golf club in his hands. The background shows a simple landscape with trees and a fence.

club in one hand and a spear in the other. He knew To Wiri Rangi was in the water, but he did not know where, so he looked in all directions. He saw a young man who had passed the summer on the beach, basking in the sun, doing nothing but loafing and loafing. He was unloading once a week and bringing the white men that his grandfather had taught him to make.

Moro felt that his last hour had come. He had no time to reach for his spear or his paddle, but as the boat struck the rock, he darted somehow between his feet, and in his haste he fell on his back. He lay there, gasping, his head stamped, the blow fell on his forehead.

More, who had dropped his knees and was leaning forward, with the colony—rose, hitting with his fists with such force that Moschell tumbled back in a heap. He did not give him an instant to himself, but wrestling the groaning blow to his grasp, dealt him a second blow. Moschell was no longer steady, but he heard a noise and branches and again a scream, as only a woman can utter, at last waiting to reflect. More dashed forward and presently caught sight of Moschell, who appeared to be crying. After he finished his crying, Moschell resumed his activity which he had often noticed in this part of the land, but had never taken the trouble. In his present mood, exuberant and physical exertion were eating wine to More, and he became aware with the ugliness of a young man's raw emotion, that he was looking at the face of a woman, half burrowing his nose around her head and looking out from his hidden marks with the ferocious demon. More did not hang back, although his antagonist had the size of higher game, the two

in which she wished to live. When we arrived here, we happened to meet and dine at the port of your acquaintance, and I was all by yourself in a room to see, and your wife immediately declared that Providence had brought her near you. We did not know what to do or what to advise, as you had the character, even now, for being just a little misanthropic and unneighborly, and I was too anxious to bring about a reconciliation to precipitate matters. Your wife, in spite of this, could say we would go down and see her, and she put me in the way of seeing some of your flower-depot. Then we were warned that two men of bad character were prowling about, and this induced me on missing her today to come down and see you. I was able to see, that this was a happy accident, and that you were a very good man. Kind regards, all has ended well, and I am now in the city.

He evidently had not known what treasure he really had. Mrs. Morrell lived that evening. Happily she was not sustained any serious injury from the rough treatment she had received from the Maori, and she recognized, as he kissed her husband with a fervor and sweetness that made a new man of him at once. As Mr. Mugglet said, he looked already ten years younger. His wife would have said much of her reward for all the injury she had caused.

The gun was of fine quality, £1500 per ton on the London market. Mr. Mgugut at once offered to be deposits of More on generous terms. It was also arranged that More should have a post on the estate as nurse and this was evidently because Mr. Mgugut had grown too fond of Mrs. More to be reconciled to losing her.

More was overwhelmed with his horn happiness and determined, exerting himself for the interest of Mguguts, to work up his own nose. He was not troubled again by the vagabond Maoris. The War received a wholesome chastisement.

and kill something men, you never have left one little week—saves your wife and restores you and me to forgiveness and happiness. Unspeaking."

**THE END.**

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**The Famous Hudson River Cl**

There are not many people who recognize in the name Samuel a person who did valuable service to our country in the war of the Revolution. It was he who made the

Edwards river to stop the British from ascending the Strath. General Washington was grieved about defeating the river.

"I wish I could get a chain of links as impossible as the soldiers of Mifflin," overheard a man, exclaimed.

"Not so. We have a man in a townsmen of mine, one Wheeler can make you such a chain."

General Washington had brought to him, and said, "I wish you could get a chain of links as impossible as the soldiers of Mifflin, to put on the North river to stop the British. Can you make it?"

"I can," replied Wheeler, "I will do it for you."

"Then," said Washington, "thereupon, give you distribution of the links to be made by you, I cannot keep you."

Mr. Wheeler made the chain. The links were hauled across New York by the family strong across the river. It did great service. By building under one of the links and the soldiers of Mifflin and the British were not apart — Harper's Weekly.

**Ancient Quarries of Prized Thessalian**

In modern times, however, the destruction has only been temporary, and the demand for this type of stone obtained from the destruction of some ancient work, and it has become naturally commanded extraordinarily high prices. As a consequence, a number of ordinary modern greens of Greek, French, Italian and American origin have been described and sold as antique marble. So our knowledge of antique marble is really saturated with the distinction of the genuine material, could be deceived by these inferior marbles. These green is easily distinguished from any other green marble by the following characteristics: It is a "breccia" composed of angular fragments of light-colored green, with patches of white or yellowish cemented together with a reddish brown, while the snow which patches have their edges tinted off with a delicate fibrous green, radiating to the center of the white. The cementing material is also of the same fibrous structure.

**TRADE WITH VENEZUELA**

tations a year ago to secure for the country certain other advantages for the establishment of the new service, and the government of Venezuela has granted the association to co-operate earnestly with the government. In January last Mr. Dolan went to Caracas as the special commissioner of the association to complete the plans for the exhibition, and American goods in that city, and he returned with a report that the project had been carried out satisfactorily. The warehouse of the association is a large and imposing building, erected one of the most prominent part of Caracas and arranged for the exhibition of goods under the most favorable circumstances. The purpose of the as-

**Penny In the Slot Machines.**  
According to the Chicago Record there are in that town more than twenty weighing machines, 300 of which are owned by one firm, and the average earnings of each machine are \$100 a month. Eighteen thousand dollars a year, all in pennies, is paid to people for the satisfaction of knowing whether they have "fallen off" or not and how much since they

(Germany has now 35,400 n  
railroad, an increase of 475 mile  
last year. The earnings for th  
were \$17,700 per mile, an incre  
\$675 a mile.

A complete set of 18 Jacobin  
apostle spouns, one of the only  
spoon sets in existence, was  
London recently for \$3,350.

Muchlin gune have been ap  
the queen's life guards, and gr  
all the British cavalry regimen  
be armed with them.

Mr. Apirinn Toraya Ngata,

[illegible]

The California Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. J. P. Koch, Robert

[illegible]

That the usual device be made for the United States by a commissioner appointed to that court, according to law and equity, and that the proceeds of each sale be deposited to the expense of such sale, and that the proceeds of the sale of each such property be paid to the persons claiming the same from or under them or being in their hands, then and there, as the court may direct.

That the mortgage as aforesaid, be and forever foreclosed, and from all and singular claims and demands, and every part thereof, released.

That the said plaintiff or any other party to this action may become the purchaser of said land. That proper and sufficient notice be given to the said plaintiff and any other party who is entitled to the purchase, and that notice be entered to the purchaser, and that notice be given to the said plaintiff and any other party for judgment against the sale of said note for any deficiency. And for the reasons aforesaid, the court doth decree as follows:

**Commissioner's Sale.**  
In the Superior court, county of  
state of California.  
W. L. Colquhoun plaintiff, vs. Mary I. Gou  
all defendants.  
**WHEREAS, AN ORDER OF SALE**  
above-entitled came to me directed  
by the Superior court of said  
county, on the 25th day of May, 1897  
and decree of foreclosure of a  
mortgage rendered therein on the 27th day  
of May, 1897, and docketed on the 25th day  
of May, 1897, in favor of A. H. Allen, her  
assignee, against Mary I. Gouall, R. L. Gouall, her  
husband, Edgar A. Gouall and Emilie G. Gouall  
children, which said judgment and decree

several acres, known and referred to as the "Barnyard Tract," of that portion of lot fifty-three (53) in the northwest side of the railroad, and containing the rights and privileges therein, and the improvements thereon, situate thirty-three acres, more or less, and that the said acreage is subject to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States.

Witness my hand, May 24th, 1897.

W. R. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

Louis H. Sharp, Attorney for plaintiff.

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**IRINA: 11-14**[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Board of Supervisors and shall keep such cul-

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three miles from the town of Safford, and a claim was made by the defendant, who had been in possession of the land for many years, that the land was his. The court found in favor of the plaintiff, and the defendant was ordered to pay the costs of the suit.

THE  
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 J. H. BROWN,  
 CLERK OF THE COURT.







